

Facts and Fancies About the Fair in Many Climes.

IN THE HOME CIRCLE.

Useful Information for Mothers and Housekeepers.

THE SECRETS OF THE TOILET.

Berole Mothers of Continental Students. What Most Women Read-Professor Ma-Love and Friendship-The First English School Children-"Oh, What Delicious Self Control in Childhood.

able hostess begins after her guests are assembled. She must endeavor to see that all are happy and amused, she must try to prevent deadlocks, and to promote a certain amount of circulation among the company, and at the same time she must not seem busy or meddling, or interfere too much with individual liberty. In other words she must steer a nice course between individualism or the one hand and centralization on the other. I think the modern theory of hospitality tends very much toward individualism (i. e., allowing people to do as they please) tempered by a certain amount of introductions.

A clever woman once described to me with amusement, not unmixed with contempt, the conduct of a young hostess at a fashionable watering place. This young married woman (who was old enough and experienced enough to have known better) "pranced up and down her own plassa, first with one gentleman and then with another, leaving the rest of her guests to amuse themselves as they best

could!"

It is even worse, however, to interfere too much with one's guests, because most people are inclined to resent anything that approaches social dictation. Thus a clover and agreeable hostess of X—— has given great offense to her guests by requesting them to change places in the middle of a dinner party—and by disturbing conversations and breaking up tete-a-tetes in an arbitrary and high handed way. The mistress of the house must sometimes break up conversations, where she sometimes break up conversations, where she has reason to suppose that either of the conversers is becoming weary, or where she wishes to introduce them to other persons, but this power needs to be exercised with great discretion, and if the guests intimate a preference for semaining as they are, the point should be yielded gracefully and at

It has been said above that an agreeable hostess always enjoys, or endeavors to enjoy, her own entertainments. I hope that few lanot long ago, to a guest at an afternoon tea, stupid and tiresome! Don't feel obliged to stay, just because it's my coming out party!" It may seem strange that a young lady should make such a very thoughtless and ill bred speech—but young people who have not be-come accustomed to the ways of the world

bly is to do so often, for habit gives ease in

possible to do so, of welcoming them all with cordiality, and endeavoring to see that all have a pleasant time.

I have heard an elderly lady severely criti-

elsed for "rushing across her parlor, kowtowng and bowing, and receiving with the great ent an ugly old woman simply because she happened to be a countesa." As the other guests had been received without any such display of joyful humflity, they felt somewhat jealous of their noble rival, rightly and do not believe in distinctions of rank ought to behave in a more consistent and

It is to be feared that our people sometimes make themselves quite ridiculous by this wide difference between their theory and practice, and by the exaggerated care and pains which they take to bestow their full titles on members of the nobility. As in England these titles are not used on ordinary occasions, save by inferiors when they address their superiors, it will be seen that Americans place themselves in a false position by such conduct. Of course we do not wish to appear discourteous or aggressive, but we best respect others when remembering our own self respect. Thus it seems to me un-American to introduce a Russian prince as "his highness, Prince 'Cutazoff Hedgoff'" the designation "prince" alone should be suffi-

There are certain guests upon whom a she is at liberty to devote to all. Thus a stranger, a new comer, or a very diffident person needs special consideration at the hands of his hostess—while the belle of the a, surrounded by admirers, can usually be trusted to take care of herself .- Florence Howe Hall in Ladies' Home Journal.

Marion Harland's Views.

Mrs. Edward P. Terhune (Marion Harland)

was asked for an opinion on the subject of love and friendship. "I fancy school-girl intimacies to be the autural outcome of the strong necessity of loving inherent in the true woman," said Mrs. Terhune. "I have in mind several instances where the violent love, simulating passion, existing between such passed like morning vapor before the expalsive power of a new affection. Mothers look indulgently upon these vehement intimacies as quite natural and altogether safe. They lead to no troublescome entanglements, leave no seeds of shame and humiliation, and usually die a natural death with the arrival of Prince Charming and hie's real responsibilities.

True friendship, that which lasts while life endures, sometimes underlies the ashes of these episenaral glows—but seldom. The friendships of mature years are not usually the offspring of schoolgiri fancies for those who are the 'sister souls' This may sound thetic, but do not misunderstand me. I believe in the food, true and abiding love of woman for woman when founded upon the appreciation of kindred tastes and sentiments. Friendship recognizes and draws to itself that which is alike in both parties concerned. It is able to either the concerned to the contract of th concerned. It is able to give a reason for the love that is in it. Love weeks a counterpart, a complement, not a double, and in the quest surprises us continually by bringing about matches between what we consider opposites.

and woman and man and man. "Love exists only between persons of opposite sexes. The girl who falls in love with
her schoolfellow madly and jealously because
the latter is lovely or fascinating enects a
pretty part that probably keeps her from
more than one impredent 'scrape'. If the
passion outlasts the school days it becomes
selfendens. Harmin sin carries the

Friendship often exists between woman

Heroic Mothers.

On the Continent poor students are as frequently to be found as in Scotland, and in Vienna they form the majority. A good number of mere boys may be seen running about from one end of the city to the other, giving lessons while they are themselves still pupils of the gymnasium (the continental grammar school), and of the university students at least two-thirds are defraying the expenses of their studies out of their own earnings. This works estisfactorily so long as the minor examinations have to be passed, but when the students have the doktor-exames, or the staats-examen before them, assistance becomes necessary, as studying hard and cramming others have proved to be incompatible. In such cases the poor mother or the sister, perhaps a seamstress or a dressmaker, or may be the bride elect, who is also dependent on needlework, will for is also dependent on needlework, will for months strain her eyes and work her fingers to the bone to allow the candidate, who is the pride of the family, and may in days to rome be its support, to devote himself en-tirely to his books to prepare for his exami-

didate, and while he was diligently applying himself to his studies, the final examination being very near, the mother deprived herself even of the pleasure of seeing him. One evening the poor old woman pricked her finger with a needle. Soon her hand became swollen, and the woman sought medical ad-vice at a hospital. There she was told that the finger must be amputated, and she in-sisted upon the operation being performed at once, so that the accident might be concealed from her son. Twenty-four hours later the whole hand was gangrenous and had to be taken off. Not a whisper of this misfortune

was allowed to reach her son's ears.

At last the examination day for the doctor's degree arrived. The young man left for the university after taking a hasty farewell of his mother, and he had bardly quitted the house before the doctors arrived to amputate the arm of the silent old sufferer. It was at an advanced hour of the day when the son came home radiant with joy to tell his mother that their days of anxiety and want were at an end; that he had passed with honors, and that it would now be his turn to provide for his parent. But the one to whom he intended to communicate his joy was no mora. Even the last operation was made too late, and blood poisoning was the consequence of her endeavors to hide her pains from her son.— Chicago Herald.

The following is from Louisa May Alcott's "Life, Letters and Journals:" "My bonnet has nearly been the death of me; for, thinkhas nearly been the death of me; for, thinking some angel might make it possible for me to go to the mountains, I felt a wish for a tidy hat, after wearing an old one till it fell in tatters from my brow. Mrs. P. promised a bit of gray silk, and I built on that; but when I went for it she let me down with a crash, saying she wanted the silk herself, and kindly offered me a finance petticoat instead. I was in woe for a spell—having \$1 in the world, and scorning debt, even for that prop of life, a bonnet. Then I aroused myself, flew to Dodge, demanded her cheapest bonnet, found one for \$1, took it and went home, wondering if the sky would open and drop me a trimming. I am simple in my tastes, but a naked straw bonnes is a little too so-verely chaste even for me. Sky did not open; so I went to 'Widow Cruse's oil bottle'—my ribbon box—which, by the way, is the eighth wonder of the world; nothing is ever put in, yet I always find some old dud when all other hopes fail. From this salvation bin I ex-tracted the remains of the old white ribbon and the bits of black lace that have adorned a long line of departed bats. Of the lace I made a dish on which I thriftly served up bows of ribbon like meat on toust; inside put the may seem strange that a young lady should make such a very thoughtless and ill bred pesch—but young people who have not become accustomed to the ways of the world mentiones make these mistakes from a desire to be frank.

One of the secrets of entertaining agreeably is to do so often, for habit gives ease in this, as in other matters.

Another very important point is that of treating all the guests alike, as far as it is

Women's Ways.

One hears much now of the need of eti-quette in the Boston schools. By all means don't confine it to those quarters. Spare a little for everyday affairs. For instance: The other night an empty car reached Winter street, bound south. A young woman entered by the front door, marched to the other end of the car and sat down. She left the door open, sat there and shivered. The conductor was busy at one end, the driver was busier at the other. A young man entered by the rear door, closed the front one, returned to the rear, and sat down in the second corner. In came another woman by the front door marched to the rear, ant down, leaving the door open, and shivered. A man sprang on the moving car, entered the open door, closed it after him, and sat down. The car stopped to avoid running down a dray. A third woman of uncertain age entered by that front door, walked to the other end of the car, sat down and shivered. She, too, had left the door own. Further her actual court. left the door open. Further, by actual count, within that half-mile, nine women entered that door and left it open, exposing the pas sengers to the full force of the wintry air. Eleven men entered the same door, each shutting it behind him. Are we to infer that these nine women were brought up in saw mills? Doubtless they could bring up sins without number against the men, too. But "tu quoque" simply doubles the argument with which we begin.—Boston Post.

I am now going to make an assertion which is always loudly denied, but which is none the less true, and that is that women are not newspaper readers. At the family breakfast table the first thing that three women out of four giance at is the column of births, mar-riages and deaths. They go up by train to town, and you see a morning paper or a sound and sensible weekly in the hands of if the average woman buys a printed sheet there is a sadly overwhelming probability that it is either a senseless novelette or one of those terrible hotoh-potches of inane vul-garities, stale olippings from American publi-cations, and wantonly inartistic and silly illustrations. These are strong terms, but the mental mischief wrought by what may be called an unvarying intellectual diet of peppermints deserves them. Long-continued reading of this rubbish shapes the mind's vitality, and renders it incapable of the effort to appreciate a good book, or even to follow the arguments of a leading article upon some important social problem, or to grasp the

The Future Life. I feel in myself the future life. I am like a forest which has been more than stronger and livelier than ever. I am rising, I know, toward the sky. The sunshine is over my head. The earth gives me its generous sap, but heaven lights me with the reflection of unknown

You say the soul is nothing but the re sultant of bodily powers: why, then, is my soul the more luminous when my bodily powers begin to fail? Winter is on my head and eternal spring is in my heart. Then I breathe at this hour the

For nail's century I have been writing my thoughts in proce, verse, history, philosophy, drams, romance, tradition, satire, eds, song.—I have tried all. But I feel that I have not said the thousandth part of what is in me. When I go down to the grave I can say, like so many others, "I have finished my day's work;" but I cannot say, "I have finished my life." My day's work will begin again the next mosning. The tomb is not a blind alley; it is a thoroughfare. It closes in the twilight to open with the dawn. For nall's century I have been writing

I improve every hour because I love is only a beginning. My work is hardly above its foundation. I would be glad to see it mounting and mounting forever. The thirst for the infinite proves nfinity.-Victor Hugo.

A gentleman who is now wealthy and occupies a high station in life says that he was a boy of 14 before he owned a pair of boots. Till that time he either went barefooted, or wore such foot coverings—they could not be called shoesas his father could make out of untanne owhide or the skins of wild animals In this respect he was quite as well off as his playmates.

They went barefooted from April until November, and it was not at all uncomnon to see young men and women walk ing the village streets barefooted, al-though quite smartly dressed in other

The father of the gentleman referred to was a justice of the peace in a far western rural town, and was often called upon to marry couples. One day there drove up to his house

young man who wore a suit of shining black, a spotless paper collar, a new and showy plaid satin necktie and new gloves, showy plaid satin necktie but nothing on his feet.

Jumping lightly to the ground, he gallantly assisted the young woman to descend, and then it was discovered that she too was barefoo although she had white gloves on her hands, and wore a white and heavily flounced lawn dress, and a showy hat with a strip of white veil dangling

of anything anomalous in their appear-ance, they came into the house and were made man and wife. Then they departed, and their bare feet left queer looking marks in the dusty path leading to the gate.—Youths' Companion.

Darwin seems inclined to believe that as women have swester voices than men powers in order to attract the other sex. by which I suppose he means that the feminine voice owes its greater sweetness to more persevering culture for pur-poses of flirtation. I do not know whother the ladies of the present day will own this soft impeachment, or whether they will be flattered by the suggestion that their remote ancestresses lived in a perpetual leap year of court-

Other emotions, however, besides the master passion of love had to be expressed; joy, anger, fear and pain had all to find utterance, and the nervous senters excited by these various stimuli threw the whole muscular system into violent contractions, which in the case of the muscles moving the chest and the vocal cords naturally produced sound—that is to say, voice. These movements, at first accidental and purposeless, is time became inseparably associated with the emotional state giving rise to them, so as to coincide with it, and thus serve this to the voluntary emission of vocal sounds is an easy step, and it is probable enough that the character of those sounds was primarily due to the "imita-tion and modification of different natural sounds, the voices of other animals, and man's own instinctive cries."-Sir Morell Mackensie in Popular Science Monthly.

I do not believe that there is a man in the world absolutely free of superstition, and right here on obange there is as much of it as anywhere. If a pigeon should fly into the hall it cannot get out, and men here aver that the market will not go down until it is shot, and, being "bears," the execution of the unforto nate bird is at once ordered. Others aver that a break in the market always follows spontaneous singing in the pit. There are fifty men in the body who will neither buy nor sell on Friday, and others that avoid number thirteen on a car or invoice as they would a pestilence. A cross eved man is bad luck; so is shaking hands with a man wearing gloves. A hunchback is good luck if accidentally thrown against you, but bad luck if you purposely rub against him. Pick up a handful of wheat and count the grains; if an even number you will have good luck, if odd you will lose on the day. Never permit a man to present you with a knife, but rather pay him a nickel for it. Do not mistake a man and call him by the wrong name, or the market will go against you. These are a few of the petty superstitions which men permit to worry them.—Interview in St. Louis

EDGAR A. POE'S COTTAGE.

Sale of the House in Which the Poet Wrote Some of His Famous Pieces

The cottage at Fordham in which Edgar A. Poe wrote some of his most famous poems, notably "The Bells," "Annabel Lee" and "Ulalume," the purchase of which some months ago by Edward Fearing Gill, Poe's biographer, is said to have failen through, is one of the most interesting sights about New York to one interested in literary relies. The cottage and farm on which it stands were pur-chased for \$3,487.50. It was Mr. Gill's inten-

tion to have the building preserved so far as possible from the encrosciments of time. The present appearance of the cottage itself is much the same as it was when Poehired it, is much the same as it was when Poehired it, but the surroundings have changed. When Poe lived in it in 1846 the country was unsettled, and the farm houses were few and far between. Now it is in the limits of the city of New York. Eugene Field, in a recent number of America, has brought to light an account of an interesting visit made to the cottage by Mrs. Mertha J. Lamb, and described by Mrs. Mertha J. Lamb, and described by Mrs. In a volume entitled "Echoese

of New York. Eugens Field, in a recent number of America, has brought to light an account of an interesting visit made to the cottage by Mrs. Mertha J. Lamb, and described by her in a volume entitled "Echoese of the Echotic Society of Jersey City" (1882). Following are some extracts:

"Fordham is an inconspicuous portion of New York city, a few miles north of Harlem river.

In less than thirty-five minutes the riche was accomplished. Then came a walk of nearly half a mile. We crossed the railroad track, and a wide, dusty street, and then nareoded a picture-space hill, upon the very kashthone of which stands the house minus For wrote The Raven. (This is an eye, "The Raven" was published on Jan. 20, 1513, helers For mayed to Fordham.) I searchir have. The Raven was published on Jan. 20, 1513, helers For mayed to Fordham.) I searchir have. The Raven was published on Jan. 20, 1513, helers For mayed to Fordham.) I searchir have. The Raven was published on Jan. 20, 1513, helers For mayed to Fordham.) I searchir have. The Raven was published on Jan. 20, 1513, helers For mayed to Fordham.) I searchir have. The Raven was published on Jan. 20, 1513, helers For mayed to Fordham.) I searchir have. The Raven was published on Jan. 20, 1513, helers For mayed to Fordham.) I searchir have. The Raven was published on Jan. 20, 1513, helers For mayed to Fordham.) I searchir have. The Raven was published on Jan. 20, 1513, helers For mayed to Fordham.) I searchir have. The Raven was published on Jan. 20, 1513, helers For mayed to Fordham.

forcibly, its diminutive size or its qualit intiquity. The gable end is partially sheltered
from the street by an aged charry tree, and
pear and apple trees of a former generation
hover about on other sides, like sentinels on
duty. The fence, which includes both house
and grounds, is lined with files and currant bushes. * * * This is the room
where Mr. Pos did his writing, our guide



two rooms on this floor, and two rooms above, but the house is full of little closets and nooks, and is more roomy than it seems.' She certainly did open doors in most unexpected places. * * Two windows to the north opened upon an exceptionally beantiful landscape in summer, and a wide expanse of immaculate snow in winter; and two windows to the courth expent the methy synden and to the south swept the pretty garden and fields beyond. * * In their season, the fields beyond. * * In their season, the perfune of many flowers, and the music of birds and bees filled the air which fanned his brow. The chamber where Poe slept, and where they say his mother-in-law used to lock him up for days together, was upstairs. It had a roofed celling, with a sharp point in the center (sic). At the east end was a high wooden mantel, with a small square window on each side of it, and there was a little one pane window under the caves, to the south. My eye fell upon the door, with its queer little old fashioned panels, and last century's latch two-thirds of the way to the top. * * That was Mr. Poe's cowhouse over there,' said the young woman, pointing towards a little inclosure some six foot square in the side of the lodge." side of the lodge."

The most tragic part of Edgar A Poe's life was enacted in this cottage. Poe was a de-scendant of Cromwell. The son of an actwas enacted in this cottage. Poe was a descendant of Cromweil. The son of an actress, born while his parents were members of a theatrical company, he early showed a most extraordinary precocity. He was adopted by Mr. Allan, a rich Baltimorean; he went to school in Bagland as a child, and later entered the University of Virginia, but he contracted heavy gambling debts, and his guardian, in consequence of Poe's wildness, placed him in his counting room, where, however, Poe did not stay long, preferring to seek his own fortune. He went to Boston and started out on his literary career. Finally becoming discouraged, he enlisted in the army, was lately discharged through the efforts of his friends, wrote a story which secured a price of \$100 from The Saturday Visitor, and became editor of The Southern Literary Magasine, where he wrote some of his best short stories. In 1835 he married his counts, Virginia Clemm, a girl 14 years old. In 1837 he went to New York and lived in straitened circumstances for two years. In In 1837 he went to New York and Ited in straitened circumstances for two years. In 1839 he went to Philadelphia and became as-sociate editor of W. E. Burton's Gentleman's Magazine, and after that editor of Graham's Magazine. In 1844 Poe returned to New York with his wife and her mother. He be-

York with his wife and her mother. He became connected with The Mirror, and it was in the columns of this paper that "The Raven" first appeared, although Poe's name was not then attached to it.

"The Raven" established Poe's fame. At this time his wife was dying of consumption, the poet himself was in failing health and so poor that it was only through the assistance of friends they managed to exist.

Mrs. Gore Nichols, herself an author, thus writes about the Poe household: "I saw her (Virginia, Poe's wife) in her bedehamber. Everything was so neat, so purely clean, so scant and so poverty stricken. There was no clothing on the bed, which was only straw, but had a white counterpane and sheets. The westher was cold, and the sick lady had the dreadful chills that accompany the heetic dreadful chills that accompany the heetic fewer of consumption. She lay on the bed wrapped in her husband's great coat, with a large tortoise shell cat in her bosom. The means of warmth."

Mrs. Nichols, on her return to New York,

salisted the sympathies of a number of kind-bearted persons in an effort to relieve the

A statement of the poet's poverty was published, and the facts became widely known. Comforts were sent to the cottage, which aided much in making smooth the last hours of poor Virginia. She died on Jan. 30, 1847.

There was a quiet funeral, and Mrs. Poe was buried in the family vault of the Valentines at Fordham, but her remains were subsequently taken to Baltimore and interred close by the remains of the poet.

Poe staid north until 1880. During this time, although poor, he managed to keep from starving. His mind was filled with the idea of starting a new magazine, but he never succeeded in doing so. In 1889 he went south, visiting Richmond, the scene of his early childhood, and on his return he stopped at Baltimore. He disappeared, but was finally found by his friends in that city. He died a few days later. The manner of the poet's death will probably always remain in obscurity. Some declare that his death was the direct result of a debauch, and that he died in delirium tremens; others deny this. No one denies, however, that he was one of America's greatest poets.

Where Does It Elsef

Where does the river St. Lawrence rise! How many readers of The Companion can answer this question in geography! Some will probably say in Lake Ontario; others in Lake Superior. Neither answer is quite cor

Like the Amazon, this river has a different name for each part of its course. The lower part of the great South American river is called by the natives the Amasonas, the middle part is the Solimoes, and the upper the

So the St. Lawrence, between Lake Eris and Lake Ontario, is called the Niagara, between Lake Eric and Lake Huron the St. Clair and Detroit river, and between Lake Huron and Lake Superior the St. Mary's river. Yet are these all one and the same river, the lakes being but so many expansions of its waters.

Beyond Lake Superior, to the northward,

there is still another portion of its course, called the Nepigon, a noble stream of clear, azure-tinted water, nearly as large as the Hudson in volume, which flows down from the great Lake Nepigon in the heart of the

the great Lake Nepigon in the heart of the Canadian wilderness.

Until recently Lake Nepigon has been but little known. On our maps it is figured as a much smaller lake than it really is. Its actual dimensions are about seventy-three miles in length by fifty-one in breadth. These figures give but an imadequate idea of its size, for there are five great bays varying from twenty to ten miles in length. The actual coast line of the lake is not much less than 800 miles.

Twelve rivers of considerable size, four of

EPICURUS ANDETHE SPHINK

Oh, meiancholy sphinx! the hearting glare
Of thy stone eyes
Yexes my soul, and goeds me to despair
With mysteries
Too deeply hidden in the vast unknown
For narrow Reason, on her doubtful throne,
To probe and sonn;
Why sak me to declare what Nature is,
and why God finhioned for their bale chils

The Earth and Man? And why the cril which we fact and see In Nature's scheme Should be a fact in cruel desting. And not a dream? And why it should, since Time's perp birth,
Over our levely and prolific Earth
Its shadow east.
And track the populous planets on their way,
Lord of the Pressns and the Future day.
As of the Past.

Why should I strive to see the reason why. Why should I strive to see the reason with Through narrow chinks?

Dark are thy riddles and beyond reply—
Oh, torturing sphinx!
If Good for ever is at war with III,
And Good is God's unconquerable will,
I'll seek no more
To solve the mystery of His design,
Bayond the scope of Reason to define,
On Time's dark shore.

I am; I think; I love; and while I live,
And it is day;
I will enjoy the blessings it can give
While yet I may.
Joy skips around me in the wholesome six,
All Nature smiles, the Universe is fair
With heavenly light;
For me, the sun downpours its rays of gold,
The river rolls, and all the flowers unfold
Their blossoms bright.

For me the stars the eloquent sky flume,
For me the Spring
Inspires with Love and Joy and fruitful bloom
Each Nying thing.
For me, the grapes grow mellow on the

stalk—
For me wit sparkles and old sages talk
Of noble deeds;
The blithe lark carols in the light of Mora;
And reapers mow the golden bearded corn,
To serve my needs. For me, the vintage sparkles in the bowl,
And woman's wiles,
Sweet as hereoif, invade my heart and soul
That love her emiles,
Ch, sphinx: thy riddles shut the daylight out:
Faith is the anchor of the true devout,
And Hore their mide:

And Hope their guide; And when my last hour comes, may every friend Say I lived bravely till the destined end-

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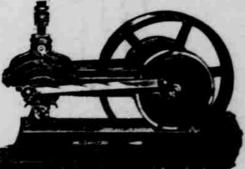
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